

Be Thankful.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdure grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,—
In everything, give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,—
For these, and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to Thee:
For everything, give thanks!

—ELLEN ISABELLA TUPPER.

Romish Miracles.

Holy relics that sometimes work miracles abound. In the Sancta Sanctorum, near the church of the Lateran, are the Holy Stairs of thirty-three steps, taken from the palace of Pontius Pilate, which are never mounted except kneeling. Here Luther, when half way up, rose to his feet and with Christian majesty exclaimed: "The just shall live by faith!" In the Lateran are kept the Ark of Israel and the rods of Moses and Aaron; In the Church of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem is shown the cross of the good thief, the lantern of Judas, and one of the thirty pieces of silver; at Santa Presseda, the column to which Jesus was bound; at Santa Maria Maggiore, a Madonna painted by St. Luke, held up by some bronze gilt angels. These in the night when nobody is near, are believed to chant the litany of the Virgin, in the same church is displayed the manger of the stable of Bethlehem. At St. Lorenzo, outside the walls, is venerated the fat which ran down the gridiron upon which the saint was roasted. At San Pietro, in Vincoli, the chains which bound the Apostle are preserved. They were in two parts, but being put near together they united miraculously. In the same church are the bodies of the Maccabees. In the prison where St. Peter was confined, there is a spring of water which appeared to baptize his keepers and forty-six prisoners. A similar prodigy is seen in the church of Santa Maria, in Via Lata, while the Three Fountains that burst forth when the head of Saint Paul fell and touched the ground three times, are well known. Many instances are related of prodigies wrought in Rome by holy images, which exorcised evil spirits from tormented bodies, or even by the priest, dressed in cotta and stole, bearing the Crucifix and invoking aid from the Virgin. In San Pietro are preserved and shown occasionally, from an elevated balcony in the church, all the instruments of the passion—the crown of thorns, the nails, the whip, the writing over the Cross, the handkerchief of Veronica, the lance of Longinus, the reed with the sponge dipped in vinegar and gall, the seamless shirt and the Cross of the Redeemer, as well as a portrait of Christ painted by Himself.

But the most wonderful of all are the miracles wrought even to-day by Joseph Labre, an idiotic French peasant, who died in Rome in 1784, was declared venerable in 1794, beautified in 1860, and saint outright by Leo XIII. in 1881. He crept about from shrine to shrine till he had visited every one in Europe, begged crusts and fruit skins at charitable doors, lived in the old beasts den marked XLIII. of the Colosseum, and finally died worn out with fasts and dirt, in the house of a kind fanatical butcher, near the Church of the Madonna die Monti. The butcher was delighted to have such a holy dead man in his house—No. 3 Vie dei Serpenti—and r used the city to pay honor. Some said he was a French nobleman, but it was ascertained that his family were peasants, and his fame continues to increase. The butcher sold 80,000 relics of the saint—bits of his putrid clothes, his nails, his hair, anything that had belonged to him or had touched him. Eighty-five editions of his portrait have been made, of which hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold, and miracles without number are being constantly wrought by this very repulsive saint.

Faith in miracles is more noisy and shameless in Naples than in Rome. There every year is performed the wonderful miracle of the blood of Saint Gennaro. Last September, when the cholera was raging, the populace paid greater honor

than ever to their patron saint. The eve of his festival was celebrated by brilliant illumination of the streets, the gardeus, and public squares. Across the narrow streets were stretched ropes hung with lamps, and lamps were in every window or on every tree. San Gennaro had never received so great a demonstration of faith and affection, and a great miracle was expected on the morrow.

The darkness and terror of old Naples, Porto Pendino, Mercato and Vicario were fiercely lit by bonfires at the corners of the streets, and the people hoped more from Gennaro and the saints—from whose pictures on the streets they cleaned off all the whitewash or stucco and fell to worshipping them again—than from king or God. Early next morning Cardinal San Felice said mass in the Cathedral, with the bottle in which was the alchermes with bicarbonate of soda on the high altar, while half of Naples, anxious, hot and crowded together, filled the church and square. A yellow, dried up old priest carried the bottle around to be kissed, and as a blonde young girl touched her lips to it the bell rang in her ear, the blood was liquified, and a cry of joy from thousands of women, accompanied by clapping of hands, filled the church, and was echoed by the crowd outside. San Gennaro had wrought the miracle again, which one old woman had seen sixty-three times, the firecrackers and small cannon went off outside, the bells rang and the feverish, believing Neapolitan people went to their wretched homes satisfied. Ignorance and superstition control them; even the track of a worm upon the yellow leaves was believed to be a sign of cholera, and all the old women in the town where the disease had not yet appeared were thrown into a paroxysm of fear. They believe in possession by evil spirits, and the priest are called to exorcise the afflicted one. During the Cholera a beautiful young girl, who had become nervous through fear, was the center of a crowd at Naples as she screamed and threw herself about in convulsions. Images and relics were laid upon her without effect, and finally the mother led her to the sanctuary of the "Madonna of the arch," as only a miracle could expel the furious devils from the body of the unfortunate girl. Rogues sometimes play upon the credulity of the people by promising Miraculous cures. A wonderful amount of common sense is then exhibited by the police, who cure the legs and arms of the false cripples and disperse the believing crowd on the street in a moment.

The old stockings of Pius IX. still perform miracles. A young priest afflicted by a species of paralysis while saying the rosary with his family suddenly exclaimed: "There is Pius IX.," and ran to the church, where a bishop touched him with a piece of stocking that had covered the august legs of the sick Pontiff. The young man was cured immediately, and certificates were sent to Rome attesting the fact.—BY MADAME SOFIA BOMPIANI, IN OBSERVER.

The Little Gleaner.

Many children have read the stories of Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish children's storyteller. When he was a child in his Danish home, he was a bright and cheery little fellow, and had many friends, and very few enemies.

He was a thoughtful boy, and had curious ideas in his head. One time an old washer-woman told him that the empire of China was directly under his feet. So sometimes he would go and sing as loud as he could, hoping that the Prince of China would hear him, and dig up through, and bring him rich presents.

Though kind and gentle, yet he was a bold and fearless boy. Sometimes during the harvest his mother would take him and go and glean in the fields after the reapers, and pick up the straggling heads of grain which they had dropped. On a certain day she and her friends gleaned in the field of a very harsh, rough man, whom everybody disliked and feared. While they were busy gleaning, some one cried out that this man was coming; and sure enough, on he came, flourishing his big whip, and calling the poor gleaners all sorts of hard names. The others ran away, but poor little

Hans was not so fleet of foot as the rest, and his wooden shoes got tangled in the stubble and came off, and presently the little fellow found that the strong, harsh man was right upon him. It was useless to try to run away; and so Hans turned about and faced his pursuer, and looking at him with his bright baby eyes, he said:

"How dare you strike me when God can see you?"

The angry man stopped, conquered by the words of a child, and lowering his whip patted the little fellow's cheeks and gave him some money from his pocket. The people were astonished, and Hans's mother exclaimed,

"Truly, a strange boy is my Hans; nobody can resist him."

There are many harsh, cruel things that people do, which would never be done if they could only believe that God was looking at them. He has care for the poor and helpless, and in olden times he forbade his people to glean their fields, but commanded them to leave the gleanings for the poor, and not go back even for a sheaf that was forgotten. And he still cares for the poor, and has his eye on those who oppress them, and do them wrong; and every harsh and bitter word which is spoken to the helpless and the defenseless is seen by Him who watches the sparrows, and cares for all his people. Let us learn to put our trust in God the living and almighty Savior, who is the protector of the weak, and the helper of the helpless.—THE CHRISTIAN.

Man's Claim to Honor.

We must all be conscious of a cold apathy and disregard toward the human race. But let us consider: 1. The rank from which they are fallen. No earthly creature can stand in comparison with man. 2. The circumstances and the relations in which men are placed, so far as they are fitted for this honor. There is a lavish expenditure of goodness in all the adaptations of man's position. 3. The capacities with which man is endowed. No other creature of the earth gifted with any degree of intelligence mistakes or fails. By mistake and failure reason enlarges itself, makes sure its conclusions and thus it can advance continually upon those conclusions. 4. The methods by which men are redeemed and restored. The Scriptures never speak of man as discarded. While his face is first soiled with tears because of sin the promise is made the figure conceived "of Him that was to come." The constant effort of the inspired record is to identify Christ with our nature. 5. The spiritual amelioration and honor of which man is susceptible. There is none but may be clad with the beauty of holiness. Each may be a priest and king unto God, bear the inscription of the Redeemer's new name—an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ." 6. The agency and the method which are appointed for man's conversion. "Preach the Gospel to every creature."—RICHARD WINTER.

A Stray Shot.

A chance shot may take effect, when many that are carefully aimed miss the mark; good seed, dropped by a careless hand, may bring forth fruit for generations; and a word spoken casually, if it be a good word, may be remembered when sermons and set speeches are forgotten.

In 1857, Mr. Spurgeon preached to a vast assembly in the Crystal Palace. A few days before, he went down to arrange where the platform should be placed. While trying the various positions, he cried aloud, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

A man was at that time at work in the Palace, who heard the text spoken under such unusual circumstances. It went with power to his heart, convinced him of sin, and led him to the sin-aton-ing Lamb, in whom he found forgiveness and peace.—THE CHRISTIAN.

A good child is the brightest ray in the sunshine of a parent's heart.

The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in weightiest matters.

Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasure at the cheapest rate.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade; in short, in all management of human affairs.